

Squirrels Teach History

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Summary: Sequel to Drunk and Orderly...The roles are reversed and the detective discovers Claude's drunken savant skill.

Squirrels Teach History

(** (I don't own HAIR. So wish I did though that'd be awesome. This came to my brain while watching one of those shows where people get arrested, enjoy! Special Thanks to my friend for her input lol.)**)

Berger was sitting home tonight. Claude had gone out to something with the people he worked with. He didn't want to go but Berger convinced him that I would be okay. It was about 10 pm when the phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Yeah, I'm looking someone who knows a Claude Bukowski?"

"Uh, I do he's my roommate." Said Berger to the voice while in his head he added _'That I screw frequently.'_

"My name is Detective Briscoe my partner and I picked up your roommate from the Columbus Circle Fountain. He's a little high. On what I'm not sure, you want to come down to the 3-1?" Berger couldn't help but start to laugh.

"Yeah I'll be right there tell him to keep his clothes on."

"Yeah, we couldn't find them."

"Okay." Berger hung up and started laughing when Hud and Woof walked in.

"What's up?" Asked Hud.

"I've got to go get Claude he got picked up, I don't know all the details but his clothes are somewhere near the Columbus Circle Fountain so can you guys stop laughing and go find them while I go get 'Naked Boy'?"

"Yeah. Was he drunk?" Asked Woof.

"No just high."

The three men left the apartment building after Berger grabbed a change of clothes for Claude. Berger made it to the 3-1. The last time he was here he had been the one arrested and Claude was picking him up.

"Can I help you?" Asked an officer.

"Yeah, I got a call from a Detective Briscoe?"

"Upstairs."

"Thanks."

"In 1876 George Armstrong Custer had a very bad bad day. He was sweating his ass off in Montana when he got his ass handed to him. Asshole was stupid and didn't wait for back up. Yay! Natives!"

"Shut up Claude!"

"BERGER!" Claude waved him over to the cell.

"What Claudio?"

"Under his blanket I'm naked. The squirrels took my clothes, they thought I had nuts in my pants." Berger had to stop himself from laughing.

"Just have a seat I'm going to talk to Detective Briscoe about those crazy critters."

"Berger, how are you?"

"I'm good, grateful it's not me tonight."

"He's as entertaining as you are."

"1869, The Transcontinental Railroad was completed in Utah. Fast forward a 100 years, I'm stuck in a jungle fighting toucans for my socks."

"Toucans are in the rainforest Claudio."

"We couldn't find his clothes."

"I've got a couple friends looking we have a few stash places in that area. But I brought him some to go home in."

"No charges. Take him home let him come down. Find out how he ended up naked."

"Thanks. Claudio get dressed."

"Berger. I told you the squirrels took my clothes."

"I brought you some dum-dum get dressed."

"Berger." Claude whispered and signaled him over again.

"What Claudio?"

"The water was cold Berger."

"Well it's November in New York, Moron what do you expect?"

"I thought it was a bath tub."

"What did you smoke, Man?"

"Just pot in the park all alone."

"What happened to going out for drinks with those guys you work with?"

"I only want to drink with you." Claude whispered.

"You ready?"

"Yeah can we go kill the squirrels?"

"Claudio I wouldn't say the word kill in a station house full of cops."

"Right, did you know California is right next to the Pacific Ocean, and the Boston Harbor doesn't taste like tea? You'd think it would."

"Let's go Babe."

Berger made it home with Claude and found Hud and Woof sitting on the couch.

"Hey." Said Berger.

"Hey." Said Hud with a smile.

Berger settled Claude in their room before going back out into the living room.

"So did you find his clothes?"

"Yup." Said Wood. "The cops must have looked around the fountain only. Cause we found them inside the fountain."

"So how was the trip?" Asked Hud.

"Uh, Custer's Last Stand, the final railroad spike in Utah, California is next to the Pacific, and Boston Harbor doesn't taste like tea. Oh and the squirrels stole his pants cause they wanted his nuts."

"Wow. What do you say to that?" Said Hud glancing between Woof and Berger.

"He asked me if we could go kill the squirrels in a room full of cops."

"Is he drunk?" Asked Woof.

"No just extremely high. Oh and he said he fought toucans in the jungle for his socks."

"Aren't toucans like in the rainforest or some shit?" Asked Hud.

"Yup." Said Berger. "I'm going to bed. Night Guys."

"Night Berger." Said Woof.

The next morning Claude woke up slightly confused but grateful he'd made it home. He got up and made his way to the living room.

"Morning."

"Morning, Woof and Hud killed the squirrels that stole your pants."

"Huh?"

"Here. It's Boston Harbor Tea."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You don't remember fighting off toucans for your socks?"

"Noooâ€¦?"

"What do you think about a road trip, we could start at the Columbus Circle Fountain, go to Little Big Horn, swing through Utah, and then smack California, and then if we have time we could go hunt for the Pacific I heard it's on the other side of California, who knew?"

Berger turned to pour a cup of coffee when he heard Claude's head hit the counter.

"I am invisible." He muttered.

"Your cloak is drying in the bathroom."

"I'm invisible."

"So what happened?"

"I got bored at the bar and left. Then I found a joint in my coat pocket so I smoked it. How'd I end up here?"

"Detective Briscoe picked you up and called me."

"How stupid was I?"

"Stupid enough not to have charges pressed. You told me that squirrels tried to steal your clothes because they thought you had nuts in your pants."

"Please tell me it was just you and I when I said that."

"Nope the squad room."

"Uh, this is a bad dream. I'm going to bed."

"It's not a dream. I see you."

"Screw off."

"I will once the squirrels return your nuts and teach you more about the history of our land."

End
file.